

# Good Morning 346

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Four happy smiles for A.B. RICHARD RODGERS

"HELLO, Mum, what's for tea?"

Yes, A.B. Richard Rodgers, that is still the greeting of your fourteen-year-old school-boy son, Dick, when he returns home from school.

But unfortunately, the day that we called, there wasn't any tea ready for Dick, because your wife had been talking to us instead. My goodness, that was a blow for him, but he recovered exceedingly quickly when he realised that it was all for his Dad.

Tony, your other son, and Rita, your nine-year-old daughter, were also at home, and full of the joys of spring. They all sent their fondest love to you, and gave us bags of messages, so here goes.

Rita, who stayed with your mother for Easter, said, with a superior air, that the boys are still as tiresome as ever, forever impressing upon her their seniority in years.

Tony said that he hadn't really anything to tell you, as he writes to you every week to tell you all his news.

He still exercises his vocal chords in the choir of Parkfields, and often (to the rest of the family's disgust) exercises them at home, too!

Dick sent this to you: "For the love of Pete, tell him to come home and help me with all these women. I'm up to my eyes in petticoats. If ever anybody wants anything doing round here, they come to me, and I seem to spend my life running errands for a Mrs. Brown here or a Mrs. Jones there! Lately they have been getting me to go and get coke for them because their coal is running low, but I had had enough, so nowadays I charge 'em sixpence a load."

In spite of the fact that Dick works so hard, we can assure you, Richard, that he looks quite well on it. And Tony is quite taken up with the idea, as Dick has now earned enough to take him to Belle Vue at Easter.

Your wife asked us to tell

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

you that Norman Kenyon is now in Trinidad, and that his wife gave birth to a baby boy on April 4th—the day we called.

Margaret is now a welfare nurse at a factory, and is enjoying her job. Tom's wife has also given birth to a baby, but this time a girl, to be called Kay. Dick says that he never sees his mother as she is always looking after someone else's babies.

Marie wants to know if you have had her airgraph yet, with all their photographs on it.

That reminds us; a letter came for Nannie while we were at No. 23 Parkfield, Middleton, from you, and the whole family made a dive for it. Tony upset his tea, Dick broke a glass tube that he was trying to blow, while Rita returned somewhat bruised to wait patiently for the letter to be passed round.

But poor Dick was nearly passing out for want of his tea. So we left the happy family to make our way back to the office, to carry out our promises and send you all their messages.

### IS Newcombe's Short odd—but true

The word Easter is derived from Eostre, the goddess of Spring. When recently 50 girls in the A.T.S. were asked what Easter commemorates, not one of them knew. One girl said "she thought it was in aid of something."

Cromwell had a spot of trouble with the Fifth-Monarchy Men, a fanatical sect who proclaimed that Christ would shortly reappear on earth and establish the Fifth Universal Monarchy, and he dispersed them. But in 1661 they revived, and became such a menace to public peace and order that 17 of them were executed.

During a time of plague in the 13th century, some men calling themselves Flagellants walked naked through the streets of Perouse, flogging themselves till they bled. They believed that this was the only way to get sins remitted. The Pope classed them as heretics, and 90 were burnt at the stake. The sect lasted, however, for 300 years.

IN September rehearsals started. The carpenters and electricians were still in possession of the stage, and so I worked with the principals in the bar for the first ten days, getting all the dialogue scenes learnt and polished before I dealt with the crowd.

Everybody was admirable, and the smaller parts were as expertly handled as the bigger ones. I woke up on the morning of my first crowd rehearsal frankly terrified. All night long a shouting mob of four hundred people had shared my bed, pushing and clamouring and asking me what I wanted them to do.

I had decided to break the ice with the seaside scene, and it sat on the stage, complete in every detail, lowering forbiddingly at us as we filed into the front row of the dress circle. Below us, in the stalls, was the full strength of the company, chattering and whispering. There was an extra buzz of expectancy when we came in, and then silence.

I had thought out, in advance, a plan for handling such large numbers of people, which, as it saved us endless trouble and time, I will explain. I had divided, on paper, the entire cast into groups of twenty.

For each group there had been made a set of large plaques in different colours and numbered from one to twenty. Number one in each group was the captain, and was virtually in charge of the other nineteen. Each captain was responsible for his group having their plaques tied on before rehearsal started, and was also empowered to collect them at the end of the day and deliver them to the property master.

This scheme, after a little preliminary confusion, worked splendidly. I could direct, through my microphone in the dress circle, without the strain of trying to memorise people's names, entirely by numbers and colours. "Would number seven red kindly go over and shake hands with number fifteen yellow-and-black stripe," etc.

At that first rehearsal it naturally took a long time to get everybody correctly numbered and sorted. Finally, however, it was done, and there they stood, serried ranks of them, waiting for what was to happen next.

That was the moment that I nearly broke. I had an insane desire to say, quite gently, into the microphone, "Thank you very much, everybody; I shan't be wanting you any more at all"—and rush madly from the theatre.

Fortunately, I conquered this impulse and gave them a brief explanation of the scene. I told them that it was a seaside resort in the year 1910, and that when I blew a whistle I wished them all to walk about and talk and behave as though they really were at the seaside.

There was the parade (number two hydraulic lift), the beach, the steps leading down, the small stage for Uncle George's Concert Party, sand castles for the children, bathing machine and the bandstand. All they had to do was to use their imaginations and circulate until I told them to stop. I gave them full permission to use any by-play and bits of business that they could think of, with the proviso that any undue over-acting would be discouraged.

Then I arranged Uncle George's Concert Party round their small stage, grouped roughly the rest on the parade and the beach, and then, commending my soul to Heaven, blew the whistle.

The effect was fantastic—immediately the scene came to life, whole and complete. People laughed and talked,

## By NOEL COWARD

promenaded to and fro along the esplanade, children patted their property sand-castle, Uncle George besought the crowd to listen to his concert. It was a most thrilling and satisfying moment, and from then onwards I had no more fears.

We did the scene over again several times, until it was set. Little bits of excellent business crept in; a child burst its balloon and screamed, and its mother smacked it; an old lady collapsed in a deck-chair, and one young woman shut herself up in her parasol when she heard the noise of an aeroplane. The by-play was prodigious, and hardly any of it overdone.

I was considerably praised later on for my little touches of sheer genius in that scene, and few believed me when I replied that the only genius I had displayed was in blowing a whistle!

Scene after scene was accomplished in that way, and rehearsals progressed rapidly. There were several comic interludes and a few tragic ones. In time we grew to know the names of nearly everyone, numbered or not.

One of our lighter diversions was the "Shy Bride." This was the locomotive in the Victoria Station scene. All it had to do was to advance, amid clouds of steam, for a few yards, on rollers, and stop at the buffers.

This it resolutely refused to do. It went backwards, it went sideways, it tangled itself in the black velvets and the fog gauzes, but never, until almost the last dress rehearsal, did it come in on cue.

We had a full week of dress rehearsals, which, although chaotic at first, gradually righted themselves. The whole thing was the most thrilling theatrical adventure I could ever have imagined. The play grew and lived just a little bit more each day. The first time the Queen Victoria funeral scene went without a hitch we found ourselves crying.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the emotional content of the play caught us unawares; once set, of course, and rehearsed over and over again, the scenes became familiar and lost their sting, but there were always certain moments in "Cavalcade" that touched me, however often I saw them.

Cockie came to rehearsals during the last weeks, and encouraged everybody, as he always did, with just the right amount of praise and criticism. Frank Collins and Dan O'Neil achieved miracles of stage management. Elsie April pounded the piano, sorted band parts, and evolved brilliant ideas for the blending of the popular tunes; in fact, everybody concerned with the production worked with untiring diligence and enthusiasm.

Gladys (Calthrop) remained calm throughout. She had designed and ordered the entire scenic part of the production, sketched, planned and chosen about three thousand seven hundred costumes; selected and hired every stick of furniture, and managed to be at my side through almost every rehearsal.

Without undue modesty, I

I TALKED to Noel Coward the other day about "Good Morning," and said I was sure submariners would like to hear how he puts on his plays.

"Cavalcade," I said, "is considered one of your outstanding works—and it must certainly have been a major job to stage it."

"It was indeed," said Noel, "and you can have the full story."

Which is characteristic of the generosity of this genius of the English stage.



can truthfully and most gratefully say that "Cavalcade," apart from its original moment of conception, was as much hers as mine.

The first night of "Cavalcade" will remain for ever in my memory as the most agonising three hours I have ever spent in a theatre. This, I am sure, will appear to be an over-statement to any reader who happened to be present at it.

But nobody in that audience, excepting Cockie and a few who had been concerned with the production, had the remotest idea how near we came to bringing the curtain down after the third scene and sending the public home.

The evening started triumphantly. The atmosphere in the auditorium while the orchestra was tuning-up was tense with excitement. Many people had been waiting for the gallery and pit for three days and nights. Gradually the stalls and dress circle filled; Reginald Burston, the musical director, took his place. I came into my box with Mother, and received a big ovation.

The overture started and we settled ourselves to wait, while the house lights slowly faded. The first scene went smoothly. Mary (Clare) was nervous, but played with experienced poise. The troopship, with our military band and real Guardsmen, brought forth a burst of cheer-

ing. The third scene—inside the house again—went without a hitch.

Half the strength of the orchestra crept out during this to take their place on the lower hydraulic lift, on which they played for the theatre scene. It was a very complicated change; the second two lifts had to rise so many feet to make the stage. The first lift had to sink and rise again with the orchestra in place on it. The preceding interior had to be taken up into the flies, and the furniture taken off at the sides.

Two enormous built side-wings, with two tiers of boxes filled with people, had to slide into place on rollers, when the first lift had risen to its mark. All this was timed to take place in just over thirty seconds, and had gone perfectly smoothly at the dress rehearsals.

We sat in the box on the first night with our eyes glued on to the conductor's desk, waiting for the little blue warning light to show us that the scene was set. We waited in vain. The conductor played the waltz through again—then again; people began to look up at us from the stalls; the gallery became restless and started to clap. I did not dare to move, there were too many eyes on me, and I didn't want to betray, more than I could help, that anything was wrong.

I hissed at Jack out of the corner of my mouth, and he slipped out of the box and went down on to the stage. In a few moments he returned and said in a dead voice, "The down-stage has stuck, and they think it will take two hours to fix it."

Gladys and I talked without looking at each other, our eyes still set on where the blue light should appear. She said very quietly, "I think you'll have to make an announcement," and I said, "I'll give it another two minutes." Still the orchestra continued to grind out the "Mirabelle" waltz; there seemed to be a note of frenzy creeping into it.

I longed passionately for it to play something else—anything else in the world. The audience became more restless, until suddenly, just as I was about to leave the box and walk on to the stage, the blue light came on, the black curtain rose, and the scene started.

From then onwards there wasn't a moment's peace for us. The effect of the hitch on Dan O'Neil and the stage staff had obviously been shattering. The company caught panic, too, and the performance for the rest of the evening lost its grip. I don't think this was noticed by the audience, but we knew it all right.

That unfortunate accident took the fine edge off the play, and although the applause at the end was tremendous; we were heartbroken. I appeared at the end, against my will, but in response to frantic signals from Cockie in the box opposite.

It was one of the few occasions of my life that I have ever walked on to a stage not knowing what I was going to say. However, standing there, blinded by my own automatic lights, and nerve-stricken by the torment I had endured in the course of the evening, I managed to make a rather incoherent little speech, which finished with the phrase:

"I hope that this play has made you feel that, in spite of the troublous times we are living in, it is still pretty exciting to be English." This brought a violent outburst of cheering, and the orchestra, frantic with indecision as to whether to play my waltz or "God save the King," effected an unhappy compromise by playing them both at once. The curtain fell, missing my head by a fraction—and that was that.

Ron Richards



# THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas

## PART 9

"BY a pale and thin young man of about twenty-two." "And wherefore did you give it up to him?" "Because he showed me an order, signed and sealed." "By whom?" "By the gentlemen of the Town Hall." "Well then," said Cornelius calmly, "our doom seems to be fixed." "Do you know whether the same precaution has been taken at the other gates?" "I do not."

"Now then," said John to the coachman, "God commands man to do all that is in his power to preserve his life; go, and drive to another gate."

And whilst the servant was turning round the vehicle, the Grand Pensionary said to the gatekeeper:

"Take our thanks for your good intentions; the will must count for the deed; you had the will to save us, and, in the eyes of the Lord, it is as if you had succeeded in doing so."

"Alas!" said the gatekeeper, "do you see down there?"

"Drive at a gallop through that group," John called out to the coachman, "and take the street on the left; it is our only chance."

The group which John alluded to had for its nucleus those three men whom we left looking after the carriage, and who in the meanwhile had been joined by seven or eight others.

These newcomers evidently

meant mischief with regard to the carriage.

When they saw the horses galloping down upon them, they placed themselves across the street, brandishing cudgels in their hands and calling out: "Stop! Stop!"

The coachman, on his side, lashed his horses into increased speed, until the coach and the men encountered.

The brothers De Witte, enclosed within the body of the carriage, were not able to see anything; but they felt a severe shock, occasioned by the rearing of the horses. The whole vehicle for a moment shook and stopped, but immediately after, passing over something round and elastic, which seemed to be the body of a prostrate man, set off again amidst a volley of the fiercest oaths.

"Alas!" said Cornelius, "I am afraid we have hurt someone."

"Gallop! Gallop!" called John.

But notwithstanding this order, the coachman suddenly came to a stop.

"Now then, what is the matter again?" asked John.

"Look there!" said the coachman.

John looked. The whole mass of the populace from the Buitenhof appeared at the extremity of the street along which the carriage was to proceed, and its stream moved roaring and rapid, as if lashed on by a hurricane.

"Stop, and get off," said John to the coachman; "it is useless to go any further; we are lost!"

"Here they are! Here they are!" five hundred voices were crying at the same time.

"Yes, here they are, the traitors, the murderers, the assassins!" answered the men who were running after the carriage, to the people who were coming to meet it. The former carried in their arms the bruised body of one of their companions, who, trying to seize the

reins of the horses, had been trodden down by them.

This was the object over which the two brothers had felt their carriage pass.

The coachman stopped, but, however strongly his master urged him, he refused to get off and save himself.

In an instant the carriage was hemmed in between those who followed and those who met it. It rose above the mass of moving heads like a floating island. But in another instant it came to a dead stop. A blacksmith had, with his hammer, struck down one of the horses, which fell in the traces.

At this moment the shutter of a window opened, and disclosed the sallow face and the dark eyes of the young man, who with intense interest watched the scene which was preparing.

Behind him appeared the head of the officer, almost as pale as himself.

"Good heavens, Monseigneur, what is going on there?" whispered the officer.

"Something very terrible, to a certainty," replied the other. "Don't you see, Monseigneur, they are dragging the

Grand Pensionary from the carriage, they strike him, they tear him to pieces."

"Indeed, these people must certainly be prompted by a most violent indignation," said the young man, with the same impassable tone which he had preserved all along.

"And here is Cornelius, whom they now likewise drag out of the carriage—Cornelius, who is already quite broken and mangled by the torture. Only look, look!"

"Indeed, it is Cornelius, and no mistake."

The officer uttered a feeble cry, and turned his head away; the brother of the Grand Pensionary, before having set foot on the ground, whilst still on the bottom step of the carriage, was struck down with an iron bar which broke his skull. He rose once more, but immediately fell again.

Some fellows then seized him by the feet and dragged him into the crowd, into the middle of which one might have followed his bloody track, and he was soon closed in among the savage yells of malignant exultation.

The young man—a thing

which would have been thought impossible—grew even paler than before, and his eyes were for a moment veiled behind the lids.

The officer saw this sign of compassion, and wishing to avail himself of the softened tone of his feelings, continued:

"Come, come, Monseigneur,

for here they are also going to murder the Grand Pensionary."

But the young man had already opened his eyes again.

"To be sure," he said. "These people are really implacable. It does no one good to offend them."

"Monseigneur," said the officer, "could not one save this poor man, who has been your Highness's instructor? If there be a means, name it, and if I should perish in the attempt—"

William of Orange—for he it was—knit his brows in a very forbidding manner, restrained the glance of gloomy malice which glistened in his half-closed eye, and answered:

## QUIZ for today



1. A frail is a young girl, farm implement, small saw, basket, bird?
2. Who wrote (a) The Hampdenshire Wonder, (b) The Nine Days' Wonder?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Ophelia, Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, Goneril, Cordelia, Lady Teazle, Portia?
4. How many are there in a basket-ball team?
5. In what European country is divorce prohibited?
6. When were the Welsh Guards first raised?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Camphor, Camembert, Cartillage, Carrack, Cardiac, Cappelard?
8. When and where was the first light-ship installed in British waters?
9. In what Government Department does the Archbishop of Canterbury hold a position?
10. For what is the kind of basin called a "piscina" used?
11. What was the name of the dog in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"?
12. Name four animals whose names begin with E.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 345

1. Pancake.
2. (a) J. C. Squire, (b) Kipling.
3. Madder is red; others are blue.
4. Coleridge-Taylor.
5. From their grey facings; not their horses.
6. (a) A musical instrument, (b) the web-spinning organ of a spider.
7. Inventory, Invincible.
8. Iroquois Indians.
9. (a) Kentucky, (b) Yorkshire.
10. Winston Churchill: Prime Minister, Exchequer, Home Office, War Office, Colonial Office, Board of Trade, Admiralty.
11. Popeye the Sailor.
12. Shylock, Christopher Sly, Sampson.

"Captain Van Decken, I request you to go and look after my troops, that they may be armed for any emergency."

"But am I to leave your Highness here, alone, in the presence of all these murderers?"

"Go, and don't you trouble yourself about me more than I do myself," the Prince gruffly replied.

The officer started off with a speed which was much less owing to his sense of military obedience than to his pleasure at being relieved from the necessity of witnessing the shocking spectacle of the murder of the other brother.

(To be continued)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



### COME INTO THE GARDEN MUD.

She is standing in the soft mud of a Kenya farm, this belle with the ear-rings and the shapely head. And what is she doing, standing in the mud? Picking forest flowers? Not a bit of it. What she is picking is the pyrethrum flowers; and they are dried and powdered and are used as an insecticide later on. Anyway, we do like her ear-rings. Even if bugs don't.

### USELESS EUSTACE



"Get the idea, chum? Teach 'em to think big!"

## WANGLING WORDS—292

1. Put a donkey in PION, and get a temper.
2. In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? —Oilpoc si beshet shyntoe.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change STAR into MOON and then back into STAR again, without using the same word twice.
4. What seaside town is hidden in the following sentence?—The accident turned the taxicab right on its side. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

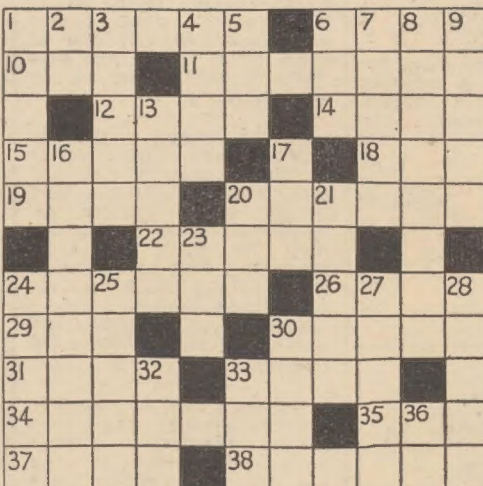
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 291

1. GUINNESS.
2. East west home's best.
3. CAT, bat, bag, bog, DOG, cog, cot, CAT.
4. Strength.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Metallic sounds.
- 6 Handie.
- 10 Male animal.
- 11 Inclined to laugh.
- 12 Wild goat.
- 14 Ship's stern.
- 15 Foo-ishness.
- 18 Exactly.
- 19 Disentangle.
- 20 Unperturbed.
- 22 Foam.
- 24 Flowering plant.
- 26 Between sheets.
- 29 Pronoun.
- 30 Girl's name.
- 31 Man's name.
- 33 Edges.
- 34 Small stream.
- 35 Bind.
- 37 Act.
- 38 Protect.

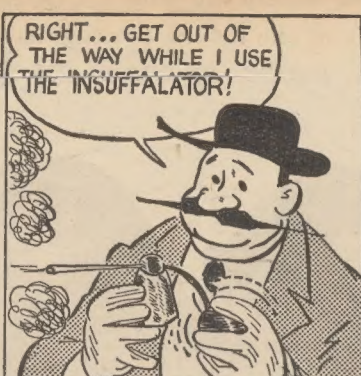
### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Banter.
- 2 Look.
- 3 Active.
- 4 Colour.
- 5 Number.
- 6 Wild fruit.
- 7 Dwell.
- 8 Small fish.
- 9 Tent.
- 13 Make happy.
- 16 Muslin.
- 17 Emerald.
- 20 School problem.
- 21 Kingdom.
- 23 Meet.
- 24 Plank.
- 25 Permission.
- 27 Stitch.
- 28 Bewildered.
- 30 Quote in support.
- 32 Sludge.
- 33 Colour.
- 36 Within.

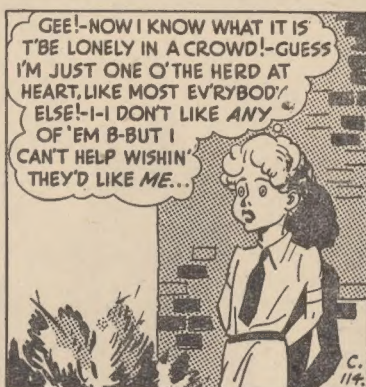
HAT DUB COY  
OZONE AFIRE  
PUPIL DAVIT  
RABID DIE  
FEZ GAZELLE  
O SHRED L  
PALETTE ASK  
ROD SLEET  
DECAY ARGOT  
INANE NAIVE  
PAL WAD SEA



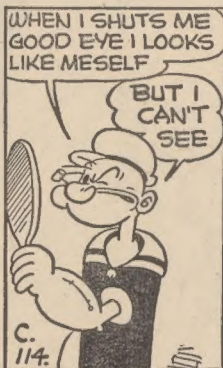
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



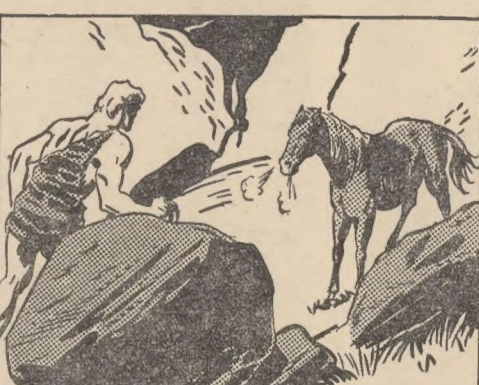
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



IF you want to be in the fashion next leave your tie must no longer be something that covers your stud or holds a gaping collar together. It must be bigger, brighter, more exotic.

You have this on the authority of an arbiter of taste—the dignified journal of the men's dress trade, the "Outfitter."

Bright red and yellow and green are the colours of the day; brilliant Paisley patterns, big checks and vivid colour stripes are the patterns.

Checky Neckties are right in, and if clothes are really worn with an oomph motive, these tieful eyefuls should lead to some sportin' courtin'.

And the reason for these new tie fashions? The collective ego thrives on danger, excitement, war, and all this excitement calls for expression, says the "Outfitter."

The individual ego also demands danger and excitement. But for millions war has meant instead a more rigid routine.

So the only way out for millions is to get all the excitement possible in their spare time. And they find it's a big help in this to dress excitingly.



I TOOK this picture from my snapshot album. Any or all of the bunch seen here on Worthing's municipal golf course you may see overseas with E.N.S.A.



From left to right—Marie Sellar, now in Cairo, Shaun McAlister, in the same place, and Bert Platt with Warde Morgan, both of whom are on tour.

At the time of this picture they were playing at the Connaught Theatre, Worthing. Playing being the operative word of that sentence.

If you see them, mention the magic word "Worthing," and you will be entertained for hours.



"AS this is a special occasion I'M wish you good health, guv'nor," said the jovial man, lifting his pint, "though if I went round wishing everyone good health I should soon be out of work. I'm in the undertaking business."

We were in one of the two fully licensed bars in Brookwood Cemetery—the only cemetery in the world with two pubs in it.

The licensees are the London Necropolis Company, who employ a resident "publican" in each house. The bars are mainly for the convenience of funeral parties, and after big funerals frequently as many as forty luncheons have to be catered for.

A favourite habit of neighbouring villagers is to stroll through the cemetery and pop in for a "quick one" at one or both of the bars.

While the cemetery has two pubs in it, the village of Brookwood itself has only one.



BRITISH furriers have now received orders totalling nearly 750,000 fur garments for Russia—biggest war-time order our fur men have had—and already hundreds of thousands of coats have been dispatched.

The bulk of these garments are being made from British-grown furs. All types—rabbit, sheep and lamb, antelope, and even dog skins—have been used.

All are far heavier than those made for home use, being usually double fur, having a fur lining as well.

Retired furriers, many of them in their seventies, came back to London workrooms to carry out the order.

Not only is this singularly significant, but a pointer to even warmer co-operation.

Ron Richards



Good  
Morning

"Well, who would be one of Quads, anyway? Every time I think of the future I recognise I am not recognised except, maybe, by one of the Quadruplettes."

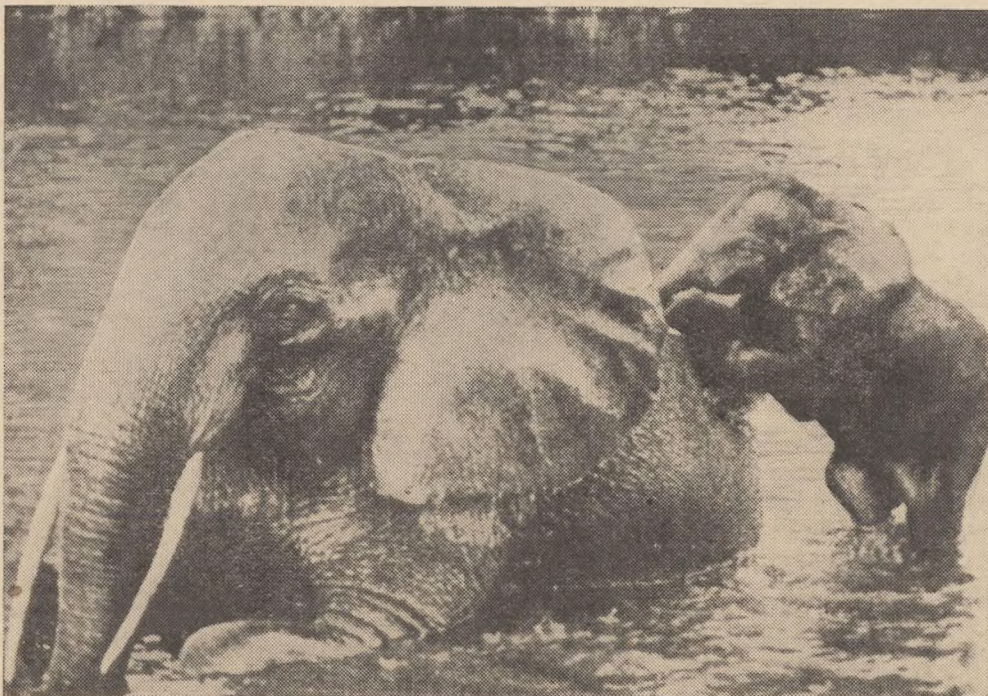


## *This England*

The gentle sway of horses who know their way home without drivers.  
A scene near Totnes, Devon.



"One huff, one puff, and I shall have reached the age of maturity."



"Now, listen, Momma. I wasn't asking for much. All I said was 'Turn round and cuddle me'"



R.K.O.'s heroine, Lucille Ball, says, "Take one egg (unhydrated) and add to the mixture as before."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

